

Reunited by a Burglar

By L. AGNES MORLEY COWLES

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Cynthia walked steadily out of the parlor and up the stairs, but when she reached the hall above she stopped and leaned against the banister. The chandeliers were lighted, but somehow she could not see well, and her limbs were trembling. She gathered herself up in a moment, however, and went down the hall to her room.

Harold was waiting for her in the parlor, and she and Harold had quarreled.

That afternoon Cynthia had gathered together all the things that Harold had ever given her—that is, all the things that were left, for if the perished flowers, and the candy, the saucers of ice-cream and the tickets to entertainments could have been collected, there would have been a goodly pile to add to the list.

She rang the bell now, as soon as she entered her room, and to Annie, the maid who answered the summons, she said briefly: "Send William up to get this box, and tell him to deliver it to the address at once." Then, when the maid went, she gathered up the letters and went downstairs.

As she passed through the door a small envelope slipped, unnoticed, from one of the packages of letters and fluttered to the floor. It lay half-concealed under the edge of the dresser, and it was not until two evenings later that Cynthia discovered it.

She was a pale, hollow-eyed young woman that evening, in spite of all her brave efforts to keep up, and her hand trembled as she picked up the envelope, yellowed by age, and held it to the light. It contained a valentine that Harold had sent her years before, and there was a quiver about her strained mouth, and a mist before her eyes, as she drew it from its covering.

The valentine was a flimsy little lace paper affair, with cupids and pink rosebuds on the face of it, and behind them a verse was cunningly hidden, after the manner of valentines. Cynthia lifted the cupids and the rosebuds, holding the lace like a veil before the printed words, and read:

"You are my sweetheart, dear one, the joy of my life.

And sometimes, when we're older, you shall be my cherished wife."

The hot blood rushed to her face as she read the words now. When she had received the valentine she had not been surprised or shocked at its daring declaration, for she could not remember the time when she and Harold had not planned to be married when they should be old enough. Now, they had quarreled, and had separated with the understanding that henceforth they were to be to each other only as mere acquaintances.

When the firm of which Harold was junior partner had first offered him this opportunity to go abroad, he had refused, because it would take him so long away from her; but now it did not matter where he went, and when they had offered the opportunity again he had accepted it gladly enough.

It was Cynthia's first thought to send the valentine to Harold's address in England, but she soon decided that such an act would look childish, and as though she were trying to attract his thoughts to her. In all probability he would never look over the returned gifts and letters, and if he should be sure to miss this little thing.

Her next thought was to burn the valentine, and two days before she might have done so, but to-day, with grief and loneliness at her heart growing every hour more poignant and hard to bear, and Harold far away upon the sea, she could not destroy this last frail relic of their love.

So the cupids and roses, and the crumpled lace, and the sentimental rhyme, all wet with a woman's agonized tears and kisses, were smoothed carefully out and put back in the envelope with its direction in a boyish hand. Then the envelope was laid away in a carved ebony box, with a blue satin lining. The box was put in a drawer in Cynthia's rosewood desk, and the drawer was locked securely with a slender silver key.

A year went by with lagging feet. It was a February night, frosty and still, as Harold Cushman stepped from the midnight train to the station platform and glanced around at the familiar landmarks of his native town, showing distinctly in the moonlight.

It was a full mile from the station to his home up-town, but in spite of the fact that his journey had been long, and that it was already midnight and cold, for some unaccountable reason Harold preferred to walk.

As he neared the finer residence portion of the town, his steps slowed a little, and, before a yellow colonial house with white trimmings, he stopped abruptly. It was not his home, for the Cushman house was farther up the street and was built of red brick. There was no sign of life about the place.

But the young man saw more than another standing by him might have seen. He saw a room inside the house—a long, large, pleasant room, with pretty windows and cozy cushioned window-seats. The gas-light and fire-light shone softly on the polished floor, on the handsome rugs and chairs, the books and vases and choice pictures. He seemed to be standing there by the fireplace alone, with a fierce tumult in his heart, and then he heard the rustle of a skirt upon the stairs, and a woman, young and beautiful and gowned in white, stood before him holding out to him some letters and a ring that sparkled in the light. Her face had been so cold—so cruelly cold and beautiful—his Cynthia's face! Harold stood there a little longer, and then, not seeing very well, he went on up the street.

He had gone only a few rods when his foot struck something lying on the walk. It was square and dark, and, picking it up, he discovered that it was a small black box. He started to open it, but hearing footsteps coming rapidly down a side street, he dropped the

box into his ulster pocket and strode on to the welcome awaiting him at the red brick house.

It was late when Harold Cushman slept that night, and late when he awakened in his own familiar room the next morning. When he went downstairs he found the family already assembled at the breakfast table and excitedly discussing a burglary which had taken place in the village between 11 and 12 the previous evening.

The yellow and white colonial house had been entered, and two watches, considerable silver and some money had been stolen. Cynthia's watch had been taken from the dressing-table in her room, and her desk had been broken open. It had been a bold venture for a moonlit night, and the town was stirred over the affair.

As his sister finished reading the account of the burglary, Harold remembered the black box, and hastily excusing himself, he mounted the stairs, three steps at a time. His ulster was hanging over a chair in his room, as he had left it the night before, and diving into one of the capacious pockets he drew out the box which he had found in the street. It was of ebony and exquisitely carved. He lifted the lid, expecting to find the box either empty or containing jewels, but it was not empty and neither did it contain jewels. Against the delicate blue lining lay a little old envelope and, turning



She Must Look Happy.

ing it over, the man saw that it was addressed to Cynthia in his own well-remembered hand. There was a strange clutching at his heart when he took out the tear-stained bit of lace paper, with its cupids and its roses, and read again the foolish little verse.

It was two mornings later. Cynthia stood by a window in her room looking listlessly out at the snowy expanse of lawn. Her stolen watch had been recovered the day before, but her ebony box had not been found, and she could not well advertise for a box containing an old valentine.

She had heard that Harold was at home, and looking well and particularly happy, but she had not seen him. She must look happy, too, when they should meet, for she would rather die than have him guess how her heart ached.

The door-bell rang sharply and she heard some one go through the lower hall to answer the ring, but she did not take notice of what was happening until Annie rapped gently at her door. "For you, Miss Cynthia," the maid said, looking on and handing to her mistress a large white paste-board box. Her fingers trembled as she unfasted the cord and lifted the cover. In the white tissue paper lay a great bunch of fragrant violets with their rich green leaves, and nestled in among them was a small white envelope. Opening it, the girl drew out her cherished and lost valentine, and with it a sheet of paper. On the paper, in Harold's strong, manly hand, was written: "When I see you, I will explain to you how I came by this valentine, which I sent you years ago. The fact that you have treasured it has given me hope and courage. We do not now need to wait to be older before the joyous fulfillment of the last line of the valentine's verse. I shall come to you this evening."

He came, and stood again in that large, pleasant room, waiting for Cynthia. He heard again the rustle of her skirt upon the stair, and looking up, he saw her coming down. She wore a gown of white, as she had done that other night, so filled with pain for both of them, but his violets were in her hair and against her breast, and, unabashed, the love of him was shining in her eyes.

Give the Horse Warning. No movement should ever be required of the saddle horse until he has been previously warned, and, in however crude a fashion, collected for the effort. It is not fair to him to neglect this, nor is it to haul him backward by main strength, or to kick advance by suddenly kicking him in the ribs with the bits, customarily as are these performances; nor should he be turned only by hauling upon one rein until his body must follow his head and neck, or he must fall down.—F. M. Ware in Outing.

Effort Rewarded. Vicar—I am so glad your dear daughter is better. I was greatly pleased to see her in church this morning, and shortened the service on purpose for her. Mother of Dear Daughter—Thank you, vicar. I shall hope to bring her every Sunday now!

The joke is usually on those who marry at leisure and repent in haste.

THE PARABLE HE LIKED.

Darky Would Have Had Trouble Picking It from Sacred Book.

An old darky, anxious to be a minister, went to be ordained. He was questioned thus: "Can you write?" "No, sah!" "Read?" "No, sah!" "How do you know about the Bible?" "Ma niece reads it to me!" "Know about the Ten commandments?" "No, sah!" "The Twenty-third Psalm?" "Nebber heard of him, sah!" "Know the Beatitudes?" "No, sah!" "Well, what part of the Bible do you like best?" "Par'bles, sah!" "Can you give us one?" "Deed, yes, sah!" "Let us have it, then." "Once w'en the queen of Sheba was gwine down to Jerusalem she fell among thieves. First they passed her by on de oddah side den dey come ovah an' dey say unto her, 'Fro down Jezebell!' but she wouldn't let her down; and again dey say unto her, 'Fro down Jezebell!' but she wouldn't let her down; and again dey say unto her for de first and last time, 'Fro down Jezebell!' and dey freid her down 'leven baskets; and I say unto yo', whose wife was she at de resurrection?"—Bystander.

CARE OF THE HAIR



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DRESSING "MY LADY'S" TRESSES AN ACKNOWLEDGED ART.

Careful Manicuring and Brushing Are Vital to Proper Appearance—Check May Be Put on Signs of Age.

Dressing the hair to-day is more of an art than it has been for some seasons past, the arrangement of waves, puffs, and curls reminding one somewhat of Gainsboro pictures. Speaking of curls, was there ever such a riot of them seen before? The drooping mushroom and flaring cloche hat require curls in abundance to fill in their generous curves, in greater abundance, in fact, than nature is willing to supply, and art must of necessity come to the rescue. Well, luckily, one can buy curls of all shades, singly or in clusters and wreaths, little tight ones and big fat ones, and no head need go unadorned.

"So are those crisped and snaky golden locks, which make such wanton gambols with the wind. Upon supposed fairness often known, To be the dower of a second head," said Shakespeare, and like most of his comments on human nature and customs it is just as true to-day as when he uttered it.

Waved hair still remains the mode, and there are a number of pretty ways in which a becoming undulation may be arranged. The Marcel at present is possible, only in the hands of the expert, but a number of simple devices are sold on which the hair may be done at night for a pretty wave next day.

While waves are modish, it is smooth, shining ones that are smartest. Glossy hair is the mark of the well-groomed woman as much as careful manicuring, and the gloss is only obtainable with care and patience. Shampooing with the best of shampoo soaps or liquid preparations is the first step toward obtaining this fashionable gloss, a little oil being rubbed into the scalp after the shampoo if the hair seems too dry. If you will use a little oil on the scalp as directed you will never be obliged to complain that you washed your hair yesterday and just can't do a thing with it. Hair oils, brilliants, etc., impart a softness and the sheen of satin to "my lady's" tresses and are always quite harmless if not distinctly beneficial. Many of the best hair tonics and dandruff cures also produce a wonderful shine and pliability.

Unless one's hair is very short and thin and easily managed it is a mistake to attempt to shampoo it at home, as so much better results are obtained at beauty parlors or baths.

HEAD CUSHION FOR CHAIR. Intended Primarily for Wicker Porch Furniture.

Comfortable and delightful in many ways as wicker armchairs undoubtedly are, they have one serious drawback. As headrests they leave much to be desired, since the hard wicker border is anything but restful when one is anxious, perhaps, to enjoy the luxury of an after-dinner nap.

A soft cushion tied securely to the back of the chair, so that it fits comfortably between the wicker border and the head, makes all the difference in the world; and we give a sketch of one of these cushions, showing very clearly how it should be made, which should prove of interest to our readers.

In shape, the cushion somewhat resembles an inverted tea-cosy. It is covered with soft serge or silk, and

frame of the chair, while the other bows are simply ornamental. A hem-stitched frill in soft silk gives a pretty finish to this useful head cushion.

"LEGHORN" NOW THE THING. Old-Time Millinery Favorite Seen in Many Shapes.

In millinery, that perennial favorite, the leghorn, is chosen for a large number of the prettiest flower-trimmed French models, and whether from long association or innate correspondence with the laws of the eternal fitness of things, leghorn seems peculiarly suited for ribbon and floral adornment.

The wide soft silken scarfs and huge bows so popular with the designers adapt themselves admirably to the graceful leghorn shapes which are sometimes variations upon the cloche or mushroom shapes and sometimes picturesque shapes with wide drooping brim at the back and at one side, while the other side is turned up sharply from the hair.

Or perhaps the new leghorn takes on the aureole lines, a wide brim drooping low at the back, but rolled back slightly in the front, exposing the front hair and giving an aureole effect from a front view. On the whole, this hat, rolling back from the face, is one of the most becoming of the new modes. It has the new lines, the backward tilt, the droop of wide back brim, but it does not, as so many of the cloche models do, look as though about to settle down and snuff out the face below it.

and no white petticoats dipping below the duck skirt in the back.

A full-length glass or a well-placed dressing mirror should be consulted before going out. It is very difficult to have petticoats and underskirts of exact length for tub frocks, where shrinkage must be considered, and a linen or duck skirt particularly is apt to "hitch" at the back.

Braided Coat Is Good Style. The loose coat, sleeveless sometimes, three-quarter length, simple in outline, and eminently picturesque, is much worn by Parisiennes nowadays and is largely braided, not only with big motifs of soutache, but all over in a fashion now forgotten for a good many years, and very well it looks.

Later on for autumn suits this style will prove effective worn with a plain skirt, and now in thick corded silk, with silver braid, over a filmy gown it is very successful.

Bodies of gowns are sometimes treated in the same way, and little capes and coats; but the long wrap is the smartest. The soutache matches in tint.

There is really no describing the smartening influence of the myriad little lace and embroidery details of the fashionable woman's toilette, and this fact was never more apparent than this season, when so many tailored and semi-tailored frocks are embellished with separate chemisettes, revers, cuffs, etc., of handwork of all kinds. Fichus of all kinds have won Parisian favor, and coquettish effects are obtained by their clever manipulation, even though they be ever so simple and inexpensive.

It is the girl who understands how to make and how to wear these dainty accessories who appears well dressed. A white duck skirt worn with a hand-made and hand-embroidered blouse and finished by a good-looking belt and the skirt is always in good taste this time of year, provided it is all dainty and fresh, the belt carefully adjusted, the blouse securely fastened

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where a thorough cleansing is assured and every possible mechanical aid at hand for careful drying and untangling.

Brushing is, as every one knows, highly beneficial to the hair, and should not be neglected night and morning. Electrical treatments are also excellent for stimulating growth and curbing a tendency to come out. These have been known to produce results where everything else seemed to have failed.

Scalp foods, tonics, and electrical treatments with scientific care of the scalp will often, if the matter is taken in time, check turning gray and restore to the hair roots that vigor which produces a natural color. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," however, and anyone who desires to retain their youth should begin the care of hair and complexion before the youth has begun to wane.

COLLARS OF BITS OF LACE

Dresses for Little Girls Are Finished with Dainty Berthas.

For the mother who has many children, the berth collar will always prove useful, and the illustrated group of patterns on this page may give you an idea for using up some of the bits. Although the models are here shown as cut in one piece, they could all be made with seams on the shoulders and, if need be, in the front and back. Here is a chance to utilize some small bits of lace, lawn and embroidery. If you have two medallions instead of four, put them on the shoulders and



Berthas for Children.

leave the front and back of the square collar plain, or it may be that you have two of different kinds.

One of the marks of this season's fashions is that several different fabrics and trimmings are used on one garment. A dress, for instance, will often be trimmed with tulle and Val lace, and batiste embroidery. The collar with the points could be made with every point of all-over embroidery or lace and every other bit of plain material, then strapped with narrow lace as shown in the illustration.

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The Advantage of Reading.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the weary hobo as he stood at the farmhouse door, "but might I sleep in your barn to-night? I haven't had a roof over my head for ten days."

"I congratulate you," said the kindly farmer. "That is a splendid thing. I have just read in one of my ten-cent magazines that it is not too much to say that to the delicate, highly-strung, easily-knocked-up individual the advantages of sleeping in the open air are enormous. Filled cheeks take on a ruddy hue, colds are unknown, nerves are forgotten, and irritability becomes a phase of the past. A small plot and a little perseverance are the only necessities and the result is assured. You are very welcome to the use of my potato patch, and my sky is at your disposal."—Judge.

Close Confinement.

The new phonograph had just arrived, and in her husband's absence, Mrs. Jones thought she would give her parrot a treat, so she set the machine working on a record of "In Old Madrid," sung by Mr. Jones in his best style.

At the very first bar Polly opened her eyes in surprise, and rocked herself to and fro in deep and speechless wonder.

She was evidently thinking deeply, and her excitement was intense. She cocked her head on one side, with an expression that indicated interested conjecture, and irritation at not arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. As the song finished, an idea dawned upon her.

"Well," said Mrs. Jones with pride, "what do you think of that, Polly?" Then the bird found words: "Great Scott!" she shrieked. "You've got the old man boxed up this time."

Too Much Exposure.

Elsie is a laundress of color. She is well past youth, wears a perennial smile and sports a single front tooth of much prominence. Recently she missed one of her visits to a patron, and when she next put in an appearance she was suffering from a bad cold. When asked how she took such a serious cold she said:

"During the recent festivities our club gave a ball. The gentleman what's paying attention to me is very particular, so I had to go in full evening dress, and I had to leave off a few pieces, and it got me."

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

Watching the Knife Play.

"There is an awful fascination about seeing people eat with their knives," said he who has just spent a week on the farm for his health, with a retrospective look in his eyes. "A knife is such an unexpected instrument. You never know just where it is going to strike. You can't keep your eyes off. You are afraid to look the mouth half in two, and you are afraid if you don't look it might happen and you won't get to see it."

The Sad Ses.

The thin, pale man in the large bathing suit, standing knee-deep in the water, sighed.

"Why," we asked, "are you so sad?"

"Alas," he answered, "the sea is the grave of my first wife."

Our lips curled superciliously.

"But you married again," we murmured.

"Yes," said he, "and my second wife won't go near the water."

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirt-waist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

District Densely Populated.

The District of Columbia has the greatest population a square mile of any section of this country. The figures are slightly more than 3,839. In Alaska there is only one person to ten square miles. Rhode Island is second to Washington, with 407 persons a square mile.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Gave Her Away.

The family were discussing the prospective wedding of the only daughter.

"Of course," said the bride-to-be to her father, "you will give me away?"

"I'm afraid I have done it already, my dear," he replied. "I told George only this morning that you had a disposition just like your mother's."

Our idea of a loafer is a man who rests before he gets tired.

Simmons Ranch for Sale

95,000 Acres in the Most Fertile Part of South Texas Now on the Market.

The Simmons ranch, located 36 miles south of San Antonio, has been divided into farms and is now being sold to settlers. You have what is probably the last opportunity to secure a farm of from 10 acres to 640 acres (including two lots in town) for \$210, payable \$10 a month without interest. This land will double in value in a short time.

Such an offer has never before been made and may never be again, as good land is getting scarcer all the time.

Write for literature and views of the ranch.

DR. CHAS. F. SIMMONS,

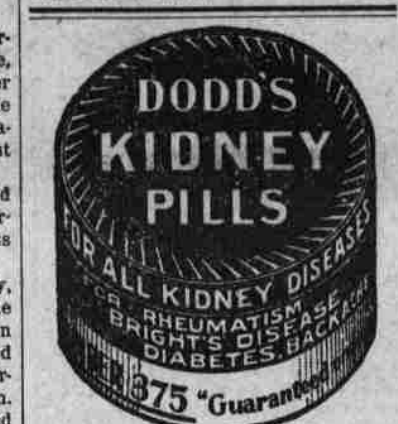
215 Alamo Plaza,

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

Always in the Way.

Recently a country doctor in the north of Ireland, a bachelor, who was locally noted for his brusqueness and irascibility, was driving along a narrow lane, or "boreen," when his passage was effectively barred by an old woman, who was returning from the bog leading an ass whose panniers were filled with peats. The woman led the ass to the side of the lane as quickly as she could, but not quickly enough to please the short-tempered doctor. "Faugh!" he exclaimed, with a snort of disgust. "Women and asses are always in the way." "I'm glad you have the manners to put yourself last," said the old woman, calmly. The doctor drove on without another word.

If he has a large family to support, a man can't afford to have any other extravagant habits.



WINCHESTER



Shotgun Shells

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make a killing combination for field, fowl or trap shooting. No smokeless powder shells enjoy such a reputation for uniformity of loading and strong shooting qualities as "Leader" and "Repeater" brands do, and no shotgun made shoots harder or better than the Winchester.

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Positively cured by these Little Pills.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

They relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Biliary Disorders, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER.

They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

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A prominent physician writes: "I have prescribed Tartar Lithine for a patient suffering from Rheumatism and in one week there was absolute disappearance of all manifestations and he stated that he had done the best work of his life."

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